INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE

Lyndsey is looking over the edits for a scene in her film. She thinks it looks like a disaster.

Lyndsay:
This is such a piece of shit. I cannot have this be the final product.

Lyndsay takes off her glasses. She reaches over for a tissue and then cleans her glasses and then puts them back on and then lets out a big sigh and then her eyes begin to water.

Lyndsay:
When people think of my name, this is what they'll associate me with. My work, my films, are better than whatever the hell this is. There's no way I can keep my name on this.

Lyndsay travels to the other side of the room to get her phone off the charger. She unlocks it, opens up the phone app, and then looks at the keypad, implying that she doesn't have the number saved. She begins to dial in a number of the executives of her film, but can't remember it. She looks through her recent callers and still can't find the number.

Lyndsay:
Why do they keep these numbers so unreachable? *sighs* Nonsensical private numbers.

Lyndsay angrily walks to the kitchen with her phone in hand. She puts her phone down on the counter and gestures to the fridge where she keeps her sticky notes. For extra detail, we see that she tapes this sticky note to her fridge, unlike the others because this sticky note holds a lot of important information.

She's seen opening the fridge and grabbing out some milk. She places it on the counter next to her phone, which she then picks up and begins to dial in the number shown on the sticky note. The number on the sticky note is shown in Lyndsay's right hand and her left thumb is dialling in the number shown on the note. And she clicks the dial button to call the executive.

She then throws the sticky note to the side, and she then grabs a cup from the cupboard. She sets the cup down and raises the cellphone to her ear as we hear the phone ring while she pours the milk into the cup.

INT. THE STUDIO OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST'S DESK

The receptionist picks up the phone and begins to speak into the phone.

Receptionist:
Hello? How may I help you?

Lyndsay then begins to speak into the phone to the receptionist.

Lyndsay:
Hi, yes, this is Lyndsay. Lyndsay Razny.

The receptionist greets Lyndsay.

Receptionist:
Okay, yeah right, I’ll connect you to Benny. That’s what -err- who you called for right?

Lyndsay:
Yeah, thanks.

Benny picks up the phone and then greets Lyndsay.

Benny:
Lyn!! It’s been a while, how's the movie coming along?

Lyndsay:
I needed to talk to you about that.

Benny:
playfully I see you’ve done good work with it, Miss Director?

Lyndsay:
sombre Yeah, it’s not really… This isn’t what I really had in mind…

Benny:
What do you mean, isn’t this exactly what you signed on for?

Lyndsay:
I don’t know, it really isn’t coming together well.

Benny:
I’m guessing you wanna come in and chat about it?

Lyndsay:
Well, yeah I suppose. It feels wrong for me to do something like this.

Benny:
Okay, I’m scheduling you in for 3 p.m., that’s in thirty minutes if you can make that. We can talk then. This needs to be discussed in confidence.

Benny hangs up by putting the phone down. Lyndsay is then shown in visible anger and frustration and disappointment.

Lyndsay:
You sly bitch.

Lyndsay turns around and faces the clock on the wall behind her and sees that it’s 2:30 p.m. She runs back to the living room, grabs her keys off of her key hanger and walks to her car, which is a sedan, which is just outside her doorstep. As she exits the house, she aggressively walks to the car. Lyndsay goes around the front to get to her driver's seat which is on the other side of the car, where we don’t see her get into the car, except through the translucence of the front door window on the right side.

EXT. BENNY'S OFFICE ROOM - DAYTIME

Benny is shown on a phone call talking with ease with his feet up on top of his desk. Lyndsay knocks on the door and Benny is greeted with the sound in surprise. The interior of Benny's cubicle is shown where he is still talking on the phone looking perplexed.

Benny:
Hey, hey. I have to meet with a certain someone, I'll talk to you later. Maybe tomorrow? Yeah, okay, we'll catch up another time!

Benny takes his feet off his desk and gets up to let Lyndsay into the office after placing the phone down. Lyndsay is let into the room. She walks in and tries to remain calm and takes a seat.

Benny:
awkwardly So, you're here now.

Lyndsay looks around and tries to avoid eye contact with Benny to curb the awkward atmosphere until he begins to speak again.

Benny:
So I take it that you don't like what you've come up with?

Lyndsay:
calmness begins to subside Yeah, that's rich, I didn't come up with any of it as you would know. It's stupid, fathoming that my name would be on such a thing.

Benny:
I mean you agreed, you signed the contract. You directed this thing, it's yours, isn't it?

Lyndsay:
It's not *mine*, it has no semblance of personality, nothing to make it my own.

Benny:
Lyndsay, neither you nor other talents can't always expect something you direct to be distinct from other movies in this franchise. It's a collective effort, the visual effects, the screenplay, the cinematography, it combines all our expertise.

Lyndsay:
Well then whose is it, shouldn't I have final say? You know, I don't really believe in this movie, and audiences might not either, you think I'm gonna take the blame for your lackluster community-based filmmaking?.

Benny:
There are so many talents working on this, the least you can do is show some respect for the craft on display. You know, they've all worked under your wing expecting to make something spectacular with your say so.

Lyndsay:
My say so? You've planned all of this out, have you not? You came up with all this ridiculous pop-culture trash. I'm just someone you plucked from indie stardom.

Benny:
You know it’s a lot of stress on me, coming up with ridiculous shit that fans can eat up, it’s art for the masses alright. We have to keep *them* satisfied…

Lyndsay:
Why not just make *those* people *think* about your storytelling? Why does everything need to be spelled out or satisfying?

Benny:
It’s a brand, we can’t sell that… it’s too risky!

Lyndsay:
Isn’t that what the essence of filmmaking is? Experimentation?

Benny:
It’s called studio filmmaking for a reason, indie filmmakers of your knowledge couldn’t even understand.

Lyndsay:
Why did you have me sign a contract then? Why did you tell me that I can make this into my own vision, why does everything have to look drab and dry?

Benny:
You’re insulting every creator working on this right now.

Lyndsay:
Well, maybe they need to listen in as well, they should be aware of who’s manipulating them.

Benny:
Oh, you’re going there huh?

Lyndsay:
If everyone creative works on it, then where’s the personality? It’s just homogenised then, right? Everyone slaving away to produce something that holds no meaning because you keep making them do it, over and over and over until they’d demand a strike.

Benny:
Get one thing through your thick skull, they aren’t slaves, they are making a living for their families, that’s what they’re *paid* for…

Lyndsay:
You’re just taking advantage of these people and you think they don’t realize it? They haven’t spoken out because you’ve kept them afraid.

Benny:
I’ll do whatever I want, there are no repercussions. I’m a fucking superstar over here, I’m merely just providing you with for-hire work. You think I couldn’t get someone else. You mean nothing to this industry, no one knows you, no one will. You’ll be forgotten, out of sight for the masses, but I’ll be all over the walls of pop-culture conversationalists.

Lyndsay:
That’s filmmaking though, sparking conversations, varying discussions, and many interpretations. You know, I don’t think our ideas on conversations seem too different. Why do you need to be so hell-bent on being a superstar, it’s not like people think any different.

Benny:
You’ll finish this film, and after that, you’ll never work again in the industry, I’ll make sure of it. A puny woman of your inadequacy could never fight that because you have no impact. Art’s art. It doesn’t matter whether it’s community-based or not. You sign with me, your directorial input is homogenised. This is a business and you’re not wanted here. You’ll see yourself out.

Lyndsay:
Trust me, we’ll even things out on the playing field.

Lyndsay leaves the office and walks towards the elevator. She arrives at the elevator and then we are shown her finger clicking the button that would take her down. She walks in and takes her phone out from her hoodie pocket. This reveals the *voice recorder* app opened and she clicks the button to stop the recording.

We are shown Lyndsay’s face, grinning almost as if she were to begin laughing comically.

Lyndsay:
In confidence, huh?

The elevator doors shut close with Lyndsay continuing to smile. Goes to credits when the elevator doors shut.

THE END